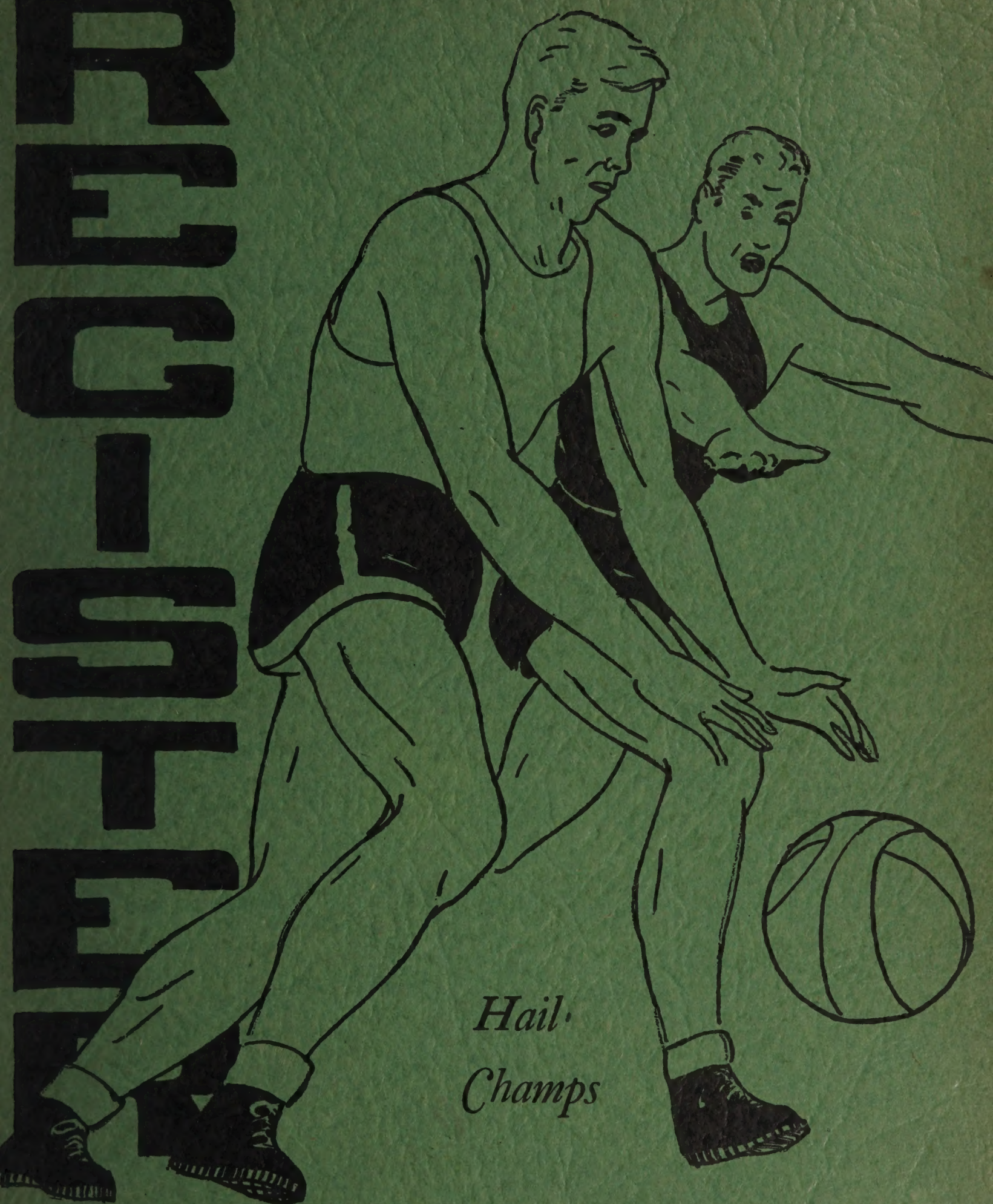


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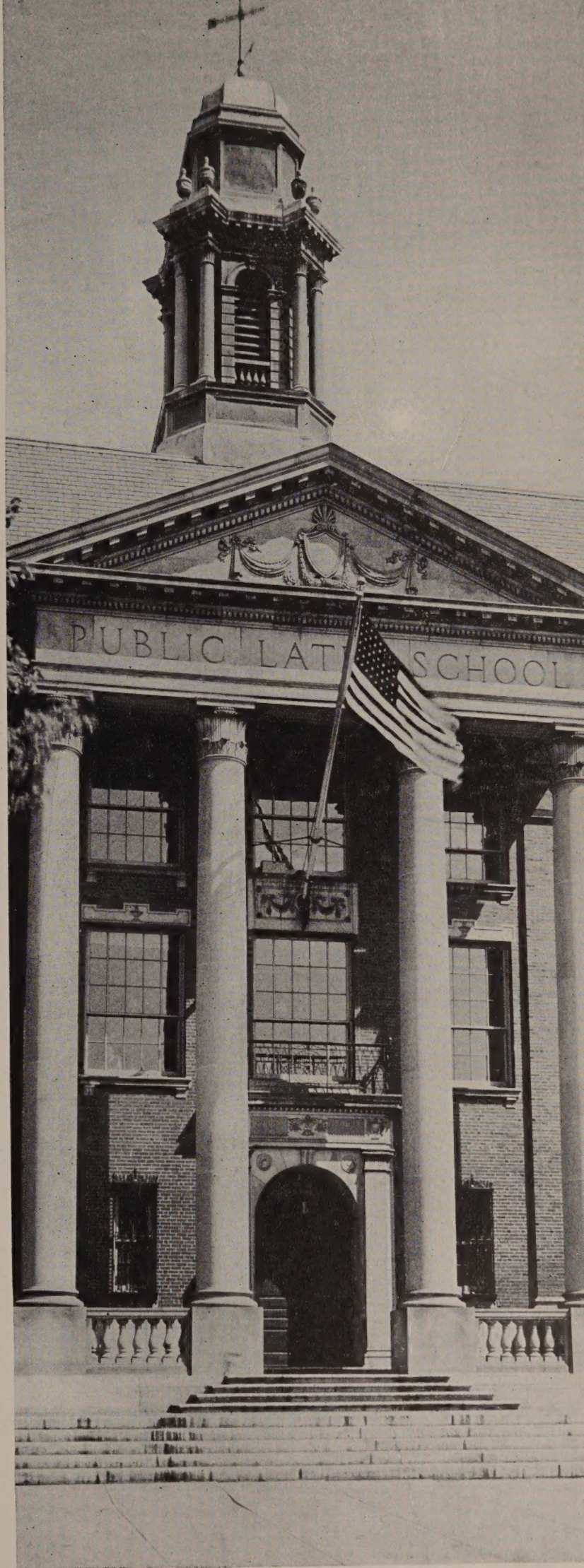
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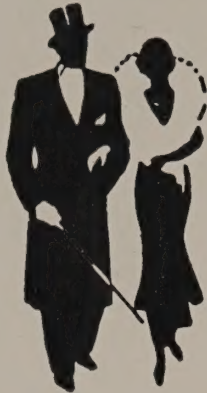
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Perhaps

By ARNOLD SABLE, '48



[*This is not, according to requirements, a short story. In fact, it is more a narration of facts than fiction. Some may insist there is a plot; others, that the records here, together with my personal opinions, form a story. Take it any way you desire.*]

On February twelfth, Arthur Cole-son, of 189 Highland Road, rubbed his hand over the parlor window, erasing the wet mist. Winter was before him in silver fox jackets like a haughty dowager. It was lovely. A lazy wind coated every surface with snow; a bitter frost formed glistening icicles from every eave. Both were set without a thought to arrangement, without a landscape artist to suggest that the trees across the street should have a bit more

snow on the branches in order to form a better contrast against the gathering dusk. Yet the snow refused to cling to their tentacles and instead accumulated in drifts on the window-sill. It was lovely.

You couldn't look without sighing. And that's what Arthur did: not a casual sigh but one of yearning. He could not explain that yearning. He seemed to want something not existing — nor could it ever exist for him. After a time, he leaned against the wall and surveyed the small parlor.

How small-town the parlor looked. The old radio, the shabby sofa with ancient tassels sadly hanging on each arm, and the second-hand desk scarcely suggested the furniture advertised in the

magazines. . . . Then he slapped a tassel and watched it swing from side to side mechanically as he turned to the desk.

He pulled up a well-worn chair. Arthur sat down dreamily, not able to get back to reality. Sometimes we cling to moods, fascinated, till they disappear beyond blue-black shadows. We are unable to do any work for the night, with its picture of loveliness stamped in our minds. Cynics call it "procrastination".

A surrender to such feeling is the only reason I can give for Arthur's not doing his homework. There really wasn't much to do; he had done more on other nights.

He shut the history book which lay open and reached an arm's distance for the radio. After buzzing, it introduced soft, muffled music, forming a background to a throaty singer.

"You can never do it, never . . . I've always warned you wishes don't come true by wishing . . . I love you . . ."

He turned the radio off. Funny that he did not remember it was time for "Sports in Crime". If anything marred his opportunity to hear that broadcast on other nights, he would sulk, making sure the family sulked with him. Tonight he had no memory of time — only long, creeping space.

An old issue of *Life* lay in the cluttered top drawer of the desk. Slowly he started thumbing the pages. When he suddenly realized he was wasting time, a new resolve gripped him. This was no way to do homework, and the magazine found its way back into the drawer.

Somehow the sudden resolution left him as soon as he opened the book. It did not help matters to stare at the meaningless symbols. He walked to the window and stood facing the winter scene with his hands thrust deep into his pockets.

Now the street lamps were glowing, flinging dim light through the confused congregation of snowflakes. The depth of the drifts beside the lamp-posts had increased. There wasn't much to see, except that the storm was still rising to a new level. He watched for an interval the endless fall of flakes. Then he said aloud, "Maybe it will snow all night. Maybe it will be so deep in the morning that the roads can't be cleared. They surely wouldn't have school if that happened."

Then Arthur turned because a novel hidden in the radio came to mind. To get the book, he had to take off the metal back. He read until his eyes troubled him. He felt drowsy. It seemed best to go to bed instead of waiting up for his parents: Mrs. Taylor's bridge parties always break up past midnight. Besides, he could use a good night's rest. The novel went back to its hiding-place.

Perhaps he should call them — it was only an extra nickel to Wellville — to say that everything was all right and he would leave the hall-light burning. He picked up the telephone, but no operator's voice broke the stillness. He clicked the receiver again and again. The only answer was his breathing into the mouthpiece. Then he hung up; the line was dead. Nevertheless, he was pleased that the snowstorm was vigorous enough to have stopped telephone service.

Arthur glanced at the open books on the desk once more, yawned, and rubbed his eyes. He felt good. . . . Shutting the parlor lamp off, he made his way to the hall and put on the dim yellow light. Then he went to his room.

The sheet felt cold, and the darkness enveloping the bed chilled him even more. Tonight he had no thoughts, no arguments to mull over. . . . He was soon asleep.

It must have been below freezing

when Arthur awoke. The heater was out. Painfully he put on his bathrobe and slippers to go into the parlor to turn on the radio. He couldn't see outside, for thick frost had coated the entire windowpane.

Suddenly he was startled to see through the French doors the night-light still burning. That meant his parents were not at home. He was puzzled, then worried. But as he went to turn it off, he checked his doubts.

Surely they must be sleeping over at Mrs. Taylor's. . . . She has ample room. And they couldn't let me know because the lines were down. Of course, that's the answer.

Station WBM usually had the no-school signals. As the radio warmed up, an announcer's voice came faintly: "Worst snowstorm Luntun has ever seen . . . all roads blocked . . . telephone lines heavily damaged . . . transportation stalled . . ."

Arthur impatiently waited until it got

full power. He turned the volume dial to a louder tone.

" . . . One of the first tragedies of the night was an automobile accident on Hayes Street. The occupants of the car were killed instantly when it skidded and crashed into the Hayes Warehouse. The victims are Mr. and Mrs. Coleson of 189 Highland Road. Next of kin has been notified."

He stood there, shocked, while the room dizzily swam around him. His heart made all the deafening noise; his breath came drawn and heavy. The announcer continued . . . "There will be no school in Luntun today . . . no school . . ."

.
[I warned you that this story might not be to your liking. It was written only for my sake so that I, Arthur's mother, might read from time to time the last acts of my beloved son before I — well, certainly you too must have heard it over the radio.]

The Sea and Man

By JULIUS LAPIDES, '47

I have watched the sea, the mighty sea
—that none can scan;
The abyss that ebbled and flowed and
foamed ere life began,
And I mused: How short-lived and how
frail,
How small is man!

Then I watched the heart, the human
heart—that none can scan;
That, to build new worlds ere life is
gone, will scheme and plan,
And I mused: How long-lived and how
strong,
How great is man!

The Taming of the Scarfaced Scholars

By R. W. JONES, '50

The night was cheerless and dreary! Outside the wind rose to a new crescendo as it shrieked out of tune and torrential rains lashed the cowering earth. In a shabby warehouse office on the Boston waterfront, a few men were seated around a rickety table. Major O'Clary was introducing a man to his slim force — the newly formed U. S. chapter of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. O'Clary turned on his chair. "Boys," he said, "this is Don O'Byam." The newcomer was a tall, well-built man, broad-shouldered, with brown hair, forceful brown eyes, and a resolute chin. He wore a trim blue suit and a modest green tie.

"Sergeant," said the Major, "you are about to tackle the most hazardous undertaking of your career. You can still back out if you so wish."

"No," said Sgt. O'Byam, with a distinct nasal twang; "I've come all the way from Sante Fé, and I hate to make any trip for nothing. Besides, see dat?" He pointed to a long white scar, hitherto unnoticed, which seamed the back of his left hand. "I've come a long way to get the yegg that did this, and I'll risk everything to find his trail just once."

"Good! I like your spunk," applauded the Major enthusiastically. Then, his face sobering, he said, "I want you to know a few facts about your mission. Boys, wheel in Corporal Johnson?"

A shrunken figure with bandage-swathed visage, jabbering meaninglessly and making silly pawing motions with his hands, was wheeled in. "Poor devil!" said the Major sadly. "He took the assignment, and now . . .!" He shrugged his shoulders. "He keeps saying over and over, 'I won't give you five points. I won't. I won't' Every so

often he snaps out of his delirium, and mutters. The poor fellow, he never had — Hold it, he's trying to say something." O'Byam bent over to catch the other's words. "Go on," he encouraged. "What is it?"

"Look," muttered Johnson; "they tell me you're going to take my assignment. Well, this is just a word of warning. There are some bad ones there, but the worst of them are from Room 502 in Class IVA. These are the worst of the lot. There's one there that chews his fingernails. I think he's got a calcium deficiency. He's dangerous, and you can recognize him by his bow tie. His pal wears a lumberjacket and specializes in the sale of illicit car checks. The one with the bow tie they call 'Bingo,' and his side kick, 'Chuck'. There's one other. He chews gum, paper, or anything pliable. He's a repeater. Another named 'Boo' looks mild, but he carries a Hood-sie in this felt pocket. These are the worst of the bunch. So long and good luck!" He fell back, made a slight gurgling noise in his throat, and then lay still. An attendant gently pulled the sheet over his face, and wheeled the already stiffening body out of the room.

Major O'Clary turned and faced the white-faced sergeant. "Your post is to be No. 423 in Boston's hot bed of criminals, Public Latin School. You will go in the guise of a Latin teacher. Here's your 'trot' and misdemeanor mark pad. Good luck, m' boy. You'll need it. Now, adios; and God be with you!" His voice broke huskily. O'Byam nodded, then faced about abruptly and disappeared into the night!

The next morning, O'Byam sat at his desk, waiting expectantly. Finally, the bell rang; and soon, a sound that was a

cross between a squealing porker and a tribe of rum-soaked Comanches on the warpath, getting louder and louder. O'Byam's blood froze in his veins, and his heart turned to a lump of ice! What was it? He unsnapped his holster and drew his quizzes and misdemeanor marks, and waited.

Then the door burst open, and quickly a circle of hard faces surrounded him. He reached for his pencil and, hovering over a misdemeanor mark pad, brandished a Latin quiz. "Shut up," he commanded in a hard, metallic voice. They shrank back apprehensively, instinctively realizing that this tall man, who

threatened them with marks and quizzes, held them in his power. In this way, the period passed without incident.

It was the same the next day, and the next, until they groveled at his feet, but he didn't let up. He pounded them relentlessly, mercilessly. Finally, their spirit broken, they presented a 14-point treaty, which he signed. He still ruled with an iron hand, and the class remained submissive forever.

(If you want proof, step into his room on Monday morning, in the first period. You can hear a pin drop!!!)

The Register is proud to report the receipt of
The Medalist C. S. P. A. 1947

Fear

By STANLEY HALPERN, '47

He was afraid. The realization suddenly dawned on him as he stood there. The drops of sweat, wiped away from



his brow, were replaced by others. The palms of his hands grew moist; his clothes stuck to his body. He struggled to keep himself under control, but he could not overcome his hysteria. Lines appeared on his forehead. He realized then that effort, no matter how great, would not suffice. He was doomed, like a rat in a trap; and as the realization dawned on him, he became suddenly calm and self-controlled. Seemingly, when all hope was gone, he heard a strident whisper. It sounded like a roar. A small piece of paper was thrust into his hand. When he looked at it, he saw in it salvation, just as a shipwrecked sailor sees aid in the smoke of a passing steamer. He read the script aloud. The sardonic monster looking down on him exclaimed, "Good! That will do, Halpern." Thus ended the saga of an unprepared student in a Latin class.

Wishful Dreaming

By LEONARD GREENBAUM, '48

Yawning, I laid aside the trot and arose, "Well, that's done," I thought. "Only 'math', English, and German left to do before school."

After I had gotten into bed, I listened to the good music of "Club Midnight"; but I began to think about school.

Math . . . a lecture for not preparing homework. Next period English, and only the grace of God and my teacher's system that prevented my being called for an oral composition. From there Health Education, where the master talked about diseases of the eye, and a little old lady took notes. She was probably interested in eyes. . . . Then physics. Tests handed back, we all groaned; and wiping the tears from our cheeks, we swore never to flunk again. Homeroom period gave us a breather and enough time to do German and Latin; but all efforts were to no avail. Der Lehrer gave us an "exam," and we gave it right back. What excuse I'll give my father this month I don't know. Then, the last period I hit the jackpot. My perfect recitation shocked the master so that he pointed an accusing finger at me and said, "You are riding a pony." Hurt to the quick, I sat down and wondered who squealed on me. . . .

Shutting off the radio, I pulled the blankets over my shoulders and lay motionless. It was so relaxing, so soothing, so . . .

"Alan," a soft, whispering voice called. "Al, it's time to get up and go to school. The bus will be here soon, and you don't want to keep the driver waiting too long."

"Okay, I'll get up. I guess it's only right that I give him a break today."

Taking all the time possible, I dressed, washed, and ate. Then I read the morn-

ing paper. I said goodbye to my mother and went downstairs. Entering the bus, I handed my books to an attendant and sat down in a satin-covered chair. The radio was broadcasting the latest song hits as we started on our journey.

As all good things come to those who wait, we finally arrived at school. Our homeroom master was there to meet us and hang our coats in the locker-room. As it was raining, he took our rubbers, too. We then went to our rooms. A communal group attempted to do the "math" examples; but finding them difficult, they abandoned the idea. The 8:30 chimes rang. The class genius then struggled in with mimeographed translations of the day's Latin text, one sheet for each pupil. The homeroom teacher shut his eyes while the translations were being handed out.

After praying that our sins be forgiven, we ripped up the previous week's misdemeanor marks. We then took the elevator to the first floor for "math."



The entire period was spent on old college board "exams". We breezed through the first fifteen problems so easily that the boys who had already applied for admission to a Grade A barber's college began to cast glances in the general direction of Cambridge.

During the next period — English—the class genius gave a 40-minute talk on the "Scheryaudic Oscillations of the Pubidiodic Stroutium." In Health Education we learned the football plays we were to use the following day in "Phys-Ed". During physics we experimented with the heat of vaporization. We arrived at the following conclusions: (1) Third-degree burns result from sticking your finger over a Bunsen burner. (2) If the flame goes out and you forget to turn off the gas, a nauseating stink will be raised.

When we returned to the homeroom, we found that our milk and ice cream had been delivered. Then passed a happy half-hour devoted to eating, drinking, and telling jokes.

Our homework was done during the

German period, thus relieving us of all cares for the evening. In Latin we were "towers of strength," and all expected perfect fives until the master saw the mimeographed sheets. The matter was referred to the Dean, who immediately rushed to the scene, took command of the crisis, and placed the room under martial law. Everything was finally settled, however, and the Latin teacher severely rebuked. Yes, the mayor's nephew is in our room.

Then came the best part of school—the ringing of the 2:15 bell. Ri-i-i-ing —Ri-i-i-ing . . .

I turned over and shut off the alarm clock. Then I went back to the soothing thought of masters acting like human beings and treating students like kings. Two impossibilities. Once more I was interrupted.

"Get out of bed, you lazy good-for-nothing. You've got school today! Remember?"

It was my father's tender voice as he dragged me from bed.



Life In Nature

By JULIUS LAPIDES, '47

This is life, and full of living—
For here among the birds and flowers
our spirits
Lift — and are forever giving
Strength!

Now we sing, and we hear the singing—
Now our echo from the hills is bringing
Content!

Such it is; and should we die tomorrow,
Our hearts would be bereft of sorrow;
For we lived!

The Revenge of Thaddeus P. Simpleton

By NORMAN MILGRAM, '48

In the history of the Latin School Thaddeus P. Simpleton is a name well-worth remembering. Yet you will find no portrait of him on any of the walls of the Assembly Hall. Nor is his name on the roster of famous graduates. He is not found even in the school archives as having ever attended the Latin School. The tale of his exploits was to this day a dark and supposedly buried secret.

In the year 1803, Thaddeus P. Simpleton entered the Latin School. For several years nothing out of the ordinary was seen in him or heard about him as he proceeded up the *cursus honorum*. He seemed average, having no talents to make him appreciated and no faults to make him interesting. In fact, he was rather dull and unnoticed until it happened.

To this day no one knows what "it" was. Some claim that it was a fall which deranged him; others say that it was severe sickness; still others, though they are in the minority, would have it that he had sold his soul to the Devil. But whatever it really was, the change that it wrought in Thaddeus P. Simpleton was amazing!

Before, he had been average; now, he was a genius. Before, he had received sixty or worse; now, he saw ninety-nine or better. His masters shook their heads in wonder at his accomplishments. They were stunned, but could do nothing. Thaddeus received a "99" average for the year's work.

In the following year, as a Junior, he achieved the previously impossible.

By this time his name was a byword in the Commonwealth. Word had spread rapidly of the budding prodigy. Men would talk for hours about Sim-

pleton, the genius. They held fond hopes for him: why, he would be Mayor of Boston; Governor of the State; and some day, perhaps, even President. There was no limit to the heights to which he might climb.

Meanwhile Thaddeus forged ahead at Latin School like a flaming meteor! His senior year proved to be a great triumph. He was elected President of his class; and, incidentally, of all school clubs and societies then in existence. As the year drew to an end, acceptances poured in from twenty or so odd colleges, though he had bothered to apply to only two. Awards were showered upon him.

But then came the inevitable reckoning. The Head Master requested him to take an examination to make himself eligible for a special scholarship. Thaddeus readily agreed.

Thus began his downfall! Thaddeus, pride and joy of the Latin School, flunked miserably. The Head Master was aghast. All turned to him; and he, in turn, to Thaddeus for the explanation of the paradox.

The truth was then revealed. Thaddeus P. Simpleton was the possessor of a strange and unearthly power to read men's minds. That was the secret of his masters' minds during all examinations. But why, then, had he flunked so miserably in the college examination? He had been the only one to take the examination that day; and he could, therefore, not read the minds of others taking the test, as had been his custom in previous examinations — for they were not there. As the test was a written examination, he could gain no information from the master in charge.

After his confession, Thaddeus was

quietly expelled. His name was erased from the school's ledgers. The colleges withdrew their offers. The whole affair was hushed up. The years passed, the old generation died out, and all was forgotten.

Meantime, Thaddeus, full of hatred for the Alma Mater which had cast him forth, went out into the cruel

world. His psychic mind placed him in good standing. He grew famous as one of the founders of mind-reading. But he never forgot the Latin School, and he determined to wreak vengeance upon it some day.

And he did. In the year 1846, he founded E. H. S., arch-enemy of the Latin School for the past 101 years.

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Poem Puzzle

By EDWIN B. SCHLOSBERG, '47

We hope that this puzzle will not tax
your brain;
The rhymed definitions are made very
plain.

Just fill in the blanks, one at a time;
And when other clues fail, depend on
the rhyme.

I'm up (12h) morning at quarter past
eight,

And gulp down my breakfast (30h)
fear I be late;

I finish my (8v) and put on my (20h),
And dash for the street car, just going
by.

I arrive at the schoolhouse and whom
do I (29v),

But a (25v) — looking (1h) who's
glaring at me.

He (6h) me like a lion at the sight of
(28h) (46v);

Then gives me two marks, and I (53v)
on my way.

With that home-room teacher I cannot
(14h);

He says there's no turtle that's (56h)
than me.

I go to my period but take a wide
(40v),

For Latin translation leaves me in the
dark;

To give the wrong (27h) is to teacher
most grave,

To (23h) in the grammar makes him
(7v) and rave.

My French teacher is the most blind of
all (4h),

He can't tell the (27v) of his very own
(26h).

He can't get (51h) 'n' "la" into my
head with a hammer,

He says I completely (43v) all French

Grammar.

(41v) bad for the boy who arouses his
(34h),

For he starts to rage like a four-alarm
fire.

My Math teacher's cranium reflects the
sun's gleam,

We all call him (32h) to show our
(37v).

Each day I am called (38h), time and
again,

But never am caught with my (5v) on
the Fen;

This subject is not where my (1v) pow-
er lies—

I always thought a "locus" was some-
thing that (13v).

But next period is neither science (36h)
(40h),

((50v) it's good old Phys. Ed. in which
every one's smart;

We go through an hour full of hard-
ship and (52h),

While wicked (55v) guides make us
work with more vigor.

Your shoulders won't (45h); you'll
have muscles like (31h);

Just (4v) Power's (57h) and go at it
with zeal.

In a small (11v) chamber (3v) of the
office,

In the dark (54h) dungeon lives many
a novice,

For (15v) one dares enter of his own
volition

The place where those fiends put out
this (21v).

I (2v) passing by when I go to eat
lunch,

All the (33v) report they're a danger-
ous bunch.

The hectic lunch period (24h) to my
woes

Oh, what does it get me, but a (49h) lunch

I go through (45v) turmoil which "kills my poor toes."

And hot greasy (35v) with some crackers to munch,

And (39v) of my tray being dumped in my (17v)?

While plunging through the mob I've often (47h) with mishap;

It's more crowded than the bar of a tavern (48h) (18v)

When the bartender offers to give out free gin.

Then it's back to my Chem teacher, known as "Young Dan"

(9v), it looks like his hair had been caught in a (30v).

He gives us solutions and adds (19h) current

My marks are so low, I shed (10v) in a torrent.

But the English period is the dullest, I (49v),

I see a little (22h), who is sleeping right now.

Then suddenly he is awakened by outbursts of (16h),

He holds onto each (23v), the tumult is swelling!

He (42h) his eyes till his vision is keen,—

"Why, lo and behold,—it's two fifteen!"



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73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84
S	T	E	L	B	A	L	D	Y			
85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96
Y	I	R	E	B	N	O	U	E			
97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108
U	P	O	N	R	R	C	R	U	B	S	
109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120
M	E	N	R	O	O	P	M	E	T		
121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132
O	R	V	I	C	T	O	Y	L	E		
133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144
R	I	G	O	R	H	L	E	R	I	E	
145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154	155	156
S	L	O	W	E	R	S	Y	S	T	E	M

The Battered Fedora

By PHILIP SHAPIRO, '47

[*The Story Behind the City Championship*]

The Latin School basketball team had lost only one game all season. The only outfit with a chance to beat them for the championship was Hyde Park, whom they were to play on Friday. All week the team was busy practising plays. On Thursday, as I walked by the locker-room, I heard somebody yell, "My hat! It's gone!"

Some people might have called it a hat, but now it could scarcely be recognized. This "hat" is the team's good-luck charm. The only game lost was when the "hat" was missing.

"What'll we do?" asked "Jim," turning towards "Cussy" (who belonged to the hat.)

"We've got to find it!" exclaimed "big Elliott." "We're lost without it!"

"Phil!" shouted "Cussy," seeing me, "I'll bet you've got it."

"No, not this time," I replied as Bob and Dave moved towards me menacingly. "Sure you didn't leave it home?"

"Positive!" "Cussy" declared. "It was right here in this locker!"

I whipped out my slide-rule, log tables, pencil and paper, and did some hasty calculations, saying, "I'll find it for you by 2:30 to-morrow."

"Good," he said with an astonished look. "But how?"

"I'll figure out where it is by mathematical possibility," I said continuing my calculation.

I puzzled for hours on end. As close as I could figure (ten places), the "hat" must be in the hot-water boiler in the

other locker-room. Friday morning I dashed in at eight o'clock, but all I could find was a few ashes. "Those dirty dogs (and a few other things)! They burned the hat!"

What could I do? I couldn't face them empty-handed. I was deep in thought as I walked upstairs to my homeroom.

I set about more calculations, using all known formulas and laws and a few newly invented ones. Maybe I had made a mistake in my calculations, and those ashes weren't the remains of the "hat." I figured until lunchtime; I arrived at the same conclusion as before.

By 2:15 I was at my wit's end. Then I saw Justin taking a hat out of his locker. Quick as a flash I grabbed the hat and streaked for the basement. As I descended the three flights of stairs, I kept throwing Justin's hat in front of me, trampling on it as I ran. By my trampling on the hat and letting it absorb some dirt from the steps, it looked exactly like "Cussy's hat" by the time I reached the bottom.

Triumphantly, I carried it into the locker-room. A loud cheer greeted me. Spirits lifted visibly, and the boys went out, determined to win. In fact, they were so spirited that they beat Hyde Park 23-13.

After the game, I told the boys it was the wrong hat.

"Fakir!" they yelled menacingly as they rushed for me. I ran at top speed; but the speed-boys soon caught me. To my surprise, they lifted me onto their shoulders, "crowned" me with the "hat," and paraded around the locker-room. Then Justin came in, looking for his hat. . . .



Hockey

Commerce Ties Latin Sextet

February 7: Despite a stronger offensive attack, the Latin pucksters were held to a 2-2 tie by their game but not too potent neighbors from across the way.

During the first period Latin, aroused by the inspired play of the first line, kept Commerce hemmed in and their goalie very busy. "Gene" Higgins, playing wing for the first time, deservedly scored the initial goal on a backhand shot from scrimmage. Latin failed to capitalize several golden chances.

The second period was hard-fought. Commerce finally succeeded in knotting the score when our obliging defense failed to cover an enemy forward stationed in front of the net.

After the intermission the Purple, filled with determination, immediately carried the attack to the enemy. "Jim" Terry artfully lifted the disc from twenty feet out and shot it past the hapless Commerce net-minder. In the closing minutes, however, the Commerce center blasted the puck past our badly screened goalie from the blue line. The bell signaled the end of the fray before Latin could combine to score again.

LINE-UP: Barry, g.; Quirk, rd.; White, ld.; Higgins, rw.; Stein, c.; Crehan, lw.

SPARES: Allison, Terry, Stevens, Kent, Maguire, Cote, Connolly, Sullivan, Tomasello.

Memorial Muddles Latin

February 10: Latin's hope of climbing out of the cellar was rudely jolted as they were decisively whipped at the hands of a strong Memorial sextet, 3-1.

The action in the first period was fast and furious as the Purple, displaying a wide open brand of hockey, scored once to Roxbury's twice. The Latin tally came in the closing minutes as "Bob"

Tomasello cleverly seized the puck from a maze of Green and Gold uniforms and slid it past the startled Memorial goalie.

Roxbury scored once again in the opening minutes of the second stanza and then rested on their laurels, completely bottling up the Purple offensive for the remainder of the tilt.

Latin Loses Again 3-1

February 15: Rapidly becoming known as the "weak sisters" of the league, the Purple puck-pushers were again ground into submission by a superior Dorchester outfit.

The first two periods were slow and passive for Latin as the Red and Black dented our nets twice. The action speeded up considerably in the final stanzas as each team scored once. Latin's marker was scored by "Joe" Cre-

han, when he hammered home a spot pass from playmaker "Al" Stein. Crehan's score was balanced, however, by another Dorchester counter, and when the game ended, Latin was still on the short end of a 3-1 count.

LINE-UP: Barry, g.; Quirk, rd.; Connolly, ld.; Higgins, lw.; Stein, c.; Crehan, lw.

SPARES: Terry, White, Stevens, Monafó, Kent, Sullivan, and Maguire.

Latin Edges English

February 21: A high-spirited Latin aggregation atoned for its poor record by humbling their perennial rivals from English High, 3-2. The fact that English was a big pre-game favorite did not dismay the staunch Latinites, who soundly thrashed their "friendly enemies."

The first period was scoreless, as neither team could co-ordinate its attack to register a marker.

The tempo rose as the game continued, until finally Latin's "Al" Quirk, coming up from his defense position, broke the deadlock as he punched a beautiful backhand shot from thirty feet out past the Blue and Blue goalie. English, however, knotted the count before the end of the period.

The Purple offensive really poured on a blazing pace as they tallied twice in the opening minute of the third stanza. Center "Al" Stein stole the puck on the face-off; and before the English defense knew what was happening, he, unassisted, blasted home the rubber. To the amazement of all, Latin added to their newly acquired lead when "Gene" Higgins, less than one minute later, taking a spot-pass from "Joe" Crehan, drilled the puck past the English netminder. The Purple kept English

hemmed in the remainder of the period until realizing that the contest had been won, relaxed their defense, letting English score again ten seconds before the final bell.

Highlights

No victory could be sweeter than one over English. . . . This was Latin's first win in two years of competition. . . . The Latin defense was very smooth, but much credit also must be given to the excellent back-checking job done by the Latin forwards. They virtually halted every English rush before it could materialize. . . . Little "Bob" Sullivan, the converted center, filled in for "Ed" Barry and turned in a remarkable performance. All but two of English's shots were sharply turned away by this alert goal-tender and even one of these was accomplished by sheer chance. . . . But when the time comes for "backslapping" and congratulations, one must not forget Coach Lambert, without whose aid this victory would have probably been impossible.

LINE-UP: Sullivan, g.; Quirk, ld.; Connolly, rd.; Higgins, lw.; Stein, c.; Crehan, lw.

SPARES: Maguire, Allison, White, Terry, Stevens, Monafó, and Kent.

Basketball

Purple Edges B.C. High

January 30: In a close, hard-fought contest at the Garden, Latin edged out another 22-21 win, with B.C. High furnishing the stubborn opposition. Again the purple held the advantage in the early stages of the game, but folded in the second half and barely managed to hang onto their lead.

"Slippery Sam" Marinella bagged two baskets and a foul to give Latin a 10-8 lead at the end of the first quarter. The Purple subs showed surprising power in the second period as the oft-fouled Shumrak succeeded in caging a free throw and "Ed" Sullivan threw in a long shot. Big "Elmore" Corman, who was missing set-ups all day, finally came "rumbling down the center" to put one in and extend our lead to 15-8. Then the regulars returned to the fray, and Collins chipped in with a free toss. But before the half was over, the Maroon and Gold came back with three straight baskets to cut the Purple's lead 16-14.

In the third quarter both teams played warily, but B.C. High held the edge in floor play. Two Eaglet baskets soon put them ahead 18-16 before "Jim" Savage converted a free throw, and "Fran" Collins netted two more "Oakleys" to regain the lead. At the start of the last period, Savage threw in an-

other charity toss, and then "Nat" Jones swished in a one-hander to give a 22-18 lead, to which they clung desperately. B.C. High scored again to pull up within two points of B.L.S., but in the closing minutes of the game, with the "Chips down," they could make good on only one out of four foul attempts; and the final score stood: B.L.S.—22; B.C. High—21.

The Purple were held to only one floor goal in the second half, and it was the all important free-throw department that told the story as Latin cashed in on 8 out of 20 fouls against only one out of seven for the Eaglets. Captain "Jim" Savage was forced to play the second half with his ankle wrapped in bandages after injuring it in the second period.

B.L.S. Statistics

	G	F	P
Jones, rf	2	0	4
Sullivan, rf	1	0	2
Marinella, lf	2	1	5
Walsh, lf	0	0	0
Collins, c	1	3	5
Shumrak, c	0	1	1
Savage, rg	0	2	2
Corman, lg	1	1	3
	7	8	22

Latin Dumps Dorchester 41-23

February 23: Latin showed surprising power in the second half and knocked off the high-flying Dorchester hoopsters. The score at half time was only 15-15; but from then on it was all "black" for the "Red and Black" as Mr. Patten's Purple ran off with a 41-23 count.

"Sam" Marinella threw in one of his famous "pussy-in-the-corner" shots and converted three fouls in three attempts

at Latin sported a 10-4 lead at the quarter. In the second period Elliot Corman kept Latin up there when he tossed in another foul and then came galloping in to score on the "Corman Special."

But then Dorchester, switching to a man-to-man defense, knotted the score, 15-all, at the half.

With Latin a notoriously weak second half team the outlook was not bright;

but Mr. Patten's "prima Donnas" ran Dorchester off their feet. Capt. "Jim" Savage started the route when he popped in a set-up and then stole the ball to score again on a breakaway. Jones taking a slick behind-the-back pass from Marinella scored again, and then Corman tallied on his "Special" to make Latin's lead 24-17.

But just when it seemed that Corman had finally mastered the gentle art of "putting in ze lay-up," "Big Elmore" was forced from the game via the foul route, and his newly acquired talent went to waste. "Nat" Jones, however, took over from there, and, showing great bursts of speed "Jonesy" broke through to fill the basket with four neat lay-ups. The Dorchester Boys fought back vainly (two of them went out on fouls) but the final score read: Latin—41; Dorchester—23.

"Hairless" Jones, in top form, led the scorers with thirteen points. Latin's shooting showed marked improvement as they sank 15 out of 58 attempts from the floor and 11 for 21 at the foul line. Dorchester net only 7 out of 24 fouls.

McSweeny's Maulers won easily, 18-

B.L.S. Statistics

	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Jones, rf	6	1	13
Sullivan, rf	0	0	0
Marinella, lf	2	5	9
Walsh, lf	1	0	2
Shumrak, lf	0	0	0
Collins, c	1	2	4
Finn, c	0	0	0
Savage, rg	3	2	8
MacLeod, rg	0	0	0
Corman, lg	2	1	5
Skinner, lg	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	15	11	41

Purple Tops Trade

February 5: Latin was hard-pressed to squeeze by a stubborn Trade team 21-17. The Tradesmen were by far the taller team; but, strangely enough, Latin's three six-footers were completely helpless against them while the "Purple peewees" Jones and Marinella "stole the show". Jonesy was again high-scorer with eleven points, and the "Mighty Midget" was good for eight more.

The game was rather dull in the first half as Trade's alert zone-defense was a hard nut to crack. "Jim" Savage broke the ice when he batted in a rebound, and Marinella followed with a foul shot. Later, "Jonesy" threw in one of his overhand swishers; and Latin led, 5-4, at the close of the initial stanza. After a Trade breakaway set Latin behind, 5-6, Marinella angled one in from the corner; and another one of "Nathaniel's Nifties" found its mark to put B.L.S. in front, 9-6, at the halfway mark.

Trade grabbed a 10-9 lead with its two baskets in the opening minutes of the second half; but "Jonesy," who had really found his "eye," swished in two fouls to regain the lead. Soon afterward, with the score deadlocked at 12-12, "Slippery Sam" sneaked out of his corner to toss in an underhand lay-up and give Latin a lead which they never relinquished. The score, going into the final quarter, was 17-14. Jones and Marinella kept up their effective work, and the final count read: Latin—21; Trade—17.

B.L.S. Statistics

	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Jones, rf	4	3	11
Marinella, lf	2	4	8
Walsh, lf	0	0	0
Collins, c	0	0	0
Savage, rg	1	0	2
Corman, lg	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	7	7	21

Latin Beats Brighton

February 10: The Purple and White continued in their winning ways by downing the Orange and Black of Brighton by a score of 33-22.

Latin jumped into the lead on a basket and a foul by Marinella, and two more tallies by Jones made it 7-3. Brighton rallied to tie the score at 11 all, but swishers by Walsh and Marinella put Latin out in front to stay. In spite of having had very tough breaks on many of their shots, the boys from B.L.S. led, 15-12, at half-time. Coach Patten used all of his "subs" in the next two periods, and the Latin offensive kept on rolling. Warren Finn caged a lay-up, his first basket of the season, and then added a foul to extend the lead to 22-16 at the three-quarter mark. Then the first-stringers returned and opened up a fifteen-point lead to "ice" the contest. Two final enemy baskets made the

score Latin—33; Brighton—22.

The statistics showed that Latin made good on 13 out of 64 field goal attempts, and 7 out of 12 foul shots; Brighton netted only 8 goals in 45 attempts and six out of 19 free throws. . . . The Jayvees turned in an easy 21-10 victory, as "Elmore Jr." Collins dropped in 8 points.

B.L.S. Statistics

	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Jones, rf	4	3	11
Marinella, lf	4	1	9
Walsh, lf	1	0	2
Dowd, lf	0	0	0
Collins, c	1	1	3
Finn, c	1	1	3
Savage, rg	1	0	2
Corman, lf	1	1	3
Skinner, lg	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	13	7	33

Latin Whips Hyde Park 23-13

February 14: In the most crucial game of the season, the Purple hoopsters came through in grand style to register a 23-13 win over Hyde Park. The victory left Latin out in front of the loop with a two-game lead over their nearest rivals. "Steve" Patten's great defensive team completely stifled the Parkers once potent scoring-machine and showed the brand of ball that has made Latin the class of the Boston Conference.

At the end of a tense, hard-fought first period the score was only 4-4, as Collins scored on a rebound and Savage on a miraculous lay-up. In the second quarter, however, the Purple really "turned it on"; and the Hyde-Parkers couldn't keep up the fast pace. Elusive little "Sam" Marinella flipped in an overhead shot to give B.L.S. the lead.

Savage dribbled in to cage another basket; and seconds later, "Jim" streaked down the court to score again on a pass from Corman. Then big "Elmore" tapped in a rebound to give the Purple and White a 12-4 lead. The Parkers scored on a "sucker" play before the half ended to make it 12-6, but those four straight Latin baskets had "broken the backbone" of the enemy's resistance and after that, they never threatened.

In the third quarter, a "fast break" by Collins and a one-handed swisher by Savage kept Latin out in front. "Jonesy" sank two fouls to increase Latin's lead to 19-10. Hyde Park tried desperately to penetrate the stubborn Purple defense, but to no avail. Finally, with only a minute left to play, they scored their only field goal of the

second half, and the final score read: Latin—23; Hyde Park—13.

“Genial Jim” Savage, held as the best defensive player in the league, gave one of his greatest all-around performances. Not only did he completely shackle Hyde Park’s ace-scorer Kaffke, but in addition “Jim” tossed in eight points to spark the Latin attack. The Purple made nine field goals in 43 attempts and held their highly regarded opponents to the amazing total of three floor goals in 46 attempts. Latin’s new Freshman

combination starred as our J. V. won 16-8.

B.L.S. Statistics

	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Jones, rf	0	2	2
Marinella, lf	2	2	6
Walsh, lf	0	0	0
Collins, c	2	1	5
Savage, rg	4	0	8
Corman, lg	1	0	2
	—	—	—
	9	5	23

Latin Wins Championship

February 24: The Purple and White basketball team downed East Boston, 36-31, to clinch first place in the Boston Conference and insure a bid to the Tech Tourney. Latin’s high-scoring combinations of Jones and Marinella played their best game of the season. Marinella and Collins “started the ball rolling” with neat “swishers” and at the end of the first quarter Latin’s fast-breaking offense had rolled up a 13-3 advantage. Then it was Jones, Jones, Jones, as “Nimble Nathaniel” kept “swishing ’em in” from all angles of the court to send Latin out to a comfortable 20-13 lead at half-time. In the third quarter, with “Jonesy” setting up “Sambo” Marinella for three more tallies, the Purple’s score rose to 28-18. Latin’s play-makers Corman and Savage kept feeding the ball to the sharp-shooting duo; and they increased the lead to 34-22. Then, led by their two stellar guards, Latin withstood Eastie’s end-game rally and walked off the floor with

a 36-31 victory and the City Championship.

Jones and Marinella treated the crowd to an exhibition of “trick and fancy shooting” as “Jonesy” scored 15 points and “Sam” 14. The Purple chucked in 16 field goals in 56 attempts and Eastie made 13 in 55, but both teams were off at the foul-line. . . . The Jayvees, paced by “Joe” McKenna, staged a game second half comeback, only to be edged out, 17-16.

B.L.S. Statistics

	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Jones, rf	6	3	15
Marinella, lf	7	0	14
Shumrak, lf	0	0	0
Walsh, lf	0	0	0
Collins, c	2	0	4
Finn, c	0	0	0
Sullivan, c	0	0	0
Savage, rg	1	1	3
Corman, lg	0	0	0
	—	—	—
	16	4	36

Latin Shades English 25-23

February 28: In a thrilling, hard-fought battle, typical of all Latin-English hoop contests, the Purple and White pulled out a close 25-23 decision at Boston Arena. After trailing most of the game, Latin showed the quality of a true champion, when they came from

behind to win gloriously in the closing minutes.

In the first quarter, the two teams fought each other to a standstill, and “Fran” Collins’ set-shot was Latin’s only basket, as they trailed, 3-2. Collins opened the second period by pot-

ting a rebound, and foul shots, by "Fran" and "Dick" Walsh gave Latin a short-lived lead. After English had gone out in front again, "Sam" Marinella dribbled around his man to cage one of his underhanded lay-ups and the game at half-time was 8-8.

Then the Blue and Blue started to click and soon forged ahead, 17-8. Latin soon got on the "comeback trail" when Collins swished in a long one and "Jim" Savage tallied on a pass from Corman. Big "Elmore" also topped in Collins' foul attempt; and Savage added a free throw, yet, going into the final stanza, English still led, 20-15. Corman began Latin's stretch drive by converting two charity tosses, and Savage chucked in another rebound to put the Purple only one point behind. After the enemy had made another foul shot, Elliot Corman, leaping high in the air, "batted one in" off the backboard, to tie up the game—21-21. With time running out, rebound artist "Fran" Collins sent Latin into the lead when he dumped in Jones' rebound, but English immediately knotted the

count again. Then "Nat" Jones, picking a perfect spot for his only basket of the game, sent the crowd into a frenzy by throwing in one of his famous one-handed "swishers," with just 30 seconds remaining, to win the game, 25 to 23.

The Purple shooting was decidedly under par as they notched only 10 floor goals in 74 attempts; English made 9 out of 45. Both sides made 5 out of 19 free throws. The team played a good game, but, with Latin's two sharpshooters not up to usual form, it was the backboard work of Corman, Collins, and Savage that saved the day. And now: "On to the Tech Tourney!"

B.L.S. Statistics

	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Jones, rf	1	0	2
Shumrak, rf	0	0	0
Marinella, lf	1	0	2
Walsh, lf	0	1	1
Collins, c	4	1	9
Savage, rg	2	1	5
Corman, lg	2	2	6
	—	—	—
	10	5	25

Final B.L.S. Statistics

	<i>Games</i>	<i>Goals</i>	<i>Fouls</i>	<i>Points</i>
Marinella	15	44	23	111
Jones	15	38	27	103
Savage	15	34	19	87
Collins	15	31	12	74
Corman	15	17	8	42
Walsh	13	10	4	24
Sullivan	8	5	1	11
Hoffman	4	3	0	6
Garcia	1	3	0	6
McLeod	6	2	0	4
Finn	5	1	1	3
Shumrak	10	0	2	2
Ingall	3	1	0	2
Dowd	3	1	0	2
McSweeney	2	1	0	2
Skinner	3	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—
Team Totals	15	191	97	479
Ave. per Game		12.7	6.5	30

Facts and Figures

In racking up fourteen wins against a single loss, Latin outscored their combined opposition 479 to 306. Latin's average of 32 points per game was exceeded by no less than 13 other teams in the league, but the Purple more than offset this scoring famine by holding their opponents to the amazingly low average of 20.4 points per game. . . . Season's totals show Latin with a percentage of .404 at the foul-line, as they sank 97 in 240 tries, while the oppositions had 319, with 70 out of 219. . . . Jones netted the most fouls for Latin with 27 out of 58 for a .466 average. . . . "Jim" Savage, covering the enemy's top scorer in every game, allowed his man to score over ten points only twice all season. Marinella's 18 points against J.P. was the highest for Latin.

Latin Wins Tech Tourney!

The well-balanced, high-spirited Latin hoopsters astounded the experts by winning three straight games and the Class B Championship of the Tech Tourney. The Purple and White had little difficulty getting by Milton in the opening round as they won handily by a score of 34-26. Then Latin met their big test in their most thrilling game of the year.

They engineered a brilliant last-period comeback to tie the game and edge Central Catholic, 20-19, in overtime. Again in the Final, the under-dog Latin quintet was forced to come from behind in the last quarter to beat highly touted Reading, 28-23, and thus become the newly crowned Champions of Class B in Eastern Massachusetts.

Milton Falls 34-26

March 13: In Latin's first encounter in the Tech Tourney, the Purple and White rode over Milton, 34-26. "Steve" Patten's outfit piled up a substantial lead in the first half and, even after losing Corman and Collins on fouls in the second half, maintained their advantage by virtue of the effective playing of their "subs."

Appropriately enough, Captain "Jim" Savage scored Latin's first basket of the Tourney when he sped down the court to chuck in a pass from Marinella. Then "Little Sam" himself dribbled through the enemy defense to tally on a lay-up. Milton came right back with three points, but that was the closest they came to tying the score all night. In the remainder of the period Latin used their fast-breaking offense to good advantage, scoring four more baskets to the enemy's one. Jones scored on a lay-up; Collins followed with a neat push shot from the side; then Savage emerged from a scramble in front of the basket to register his second tally; and Jones also tossed in another rebound, to give the Purple a 14-5 lead. Big Elliot Corman, recently groomed to play the pivot position, opened the second quarter by netting an underhanded shot. Marinella notched his second free throw; and then, on long shots, "Jonesy" swished in a

one-hander and "Fran" Collins sank another push-shot to offset a five-point enemy splurge. Just before the half was over, "Cussy" Shumrak scored his first field goal of the year when he looped one in from the corner, and Latin held a comfortable 23-11 lead at intermission.

The Purple attack slowed down in the third stanza, and midway through the period Elliot Corman was forced from the game on fouls. Jones's push shot from the key-hole and his free throw, plus a lay-up by Collins, were Latin's only scores in the period as their lead was whittled to 28-21. Then, early in the fourth quarter, when Collins followed Corman from the premises via the foul route, things began to look "black" for Latin. The enemy immediately bagged two fouls; and after an "Oakley" by McLeod, they scored again as Latin's lead dwindled to 29-25. But just when it seemed that the fading Purple would lose their lead, Latin's "subs" rose to the occasion as "Dick" Walsh flipped one in from the side and "Charlie" McLeod heaved in a long one-hander to put the game "on ice." "Jonesy," Latin's high-scorer, threw in a foul shot for good measure making the final score: Latin 34—Milton 28, as the Purple and White were over their "first hurdle" toward the title.

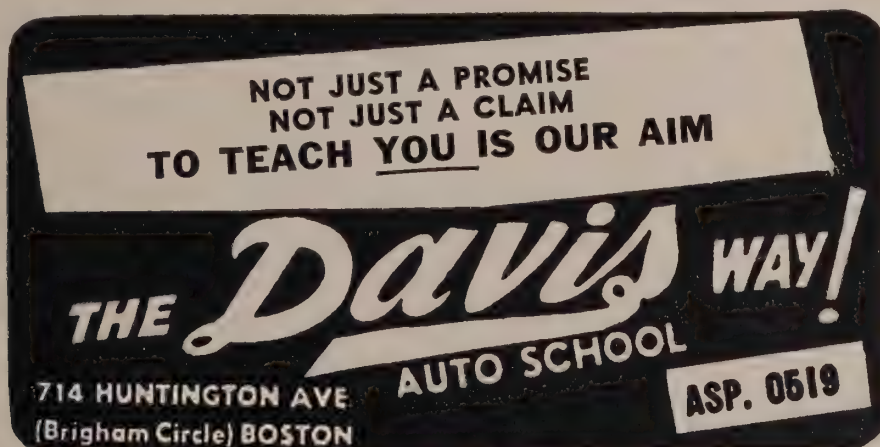
<i>B.L.S. Statistics</i>					
	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>		
Jones, rf	4	2	10	Savage, rg	2 0 4
Marinella, lf	1	2	4	Corman, lg	1 0 2
Shumrak, lf	1	0	2	McLeod, lg	1 1 3
Collins, c	3	1	7	Skinner, lg	0 0 0
Walsh, c	1	0	2		— — —
					14 6 34

Central Edged in Overtime Thriller 20-19

March 14: A sensational shot from under the basket by "Nat" Jones gave Latin a thrilling 20-19 victory over Central Catholic of Lawrence in the semi-finals. "Steve" Patten's "great bunch of kids" played their best game of the season as they waged a terrific uphill struggle to overhaul Catholic in the second half.

The game started quietly enough as the defensive play of both teams in the first quarter was amazing, and not a field goal was scored until half way through the second period. The first period score was only 2-0, in favor of Central who made two foul attempts while Latin missed the same number. "Jim" Savage finally scored the Purple's first point, but the enemy came right back with two baskets and two fouls. Elliot Corman tossed in another charity throw for Latin, and the halftime bell found B.L.S. on the wrong side of a record 8-2 score. Too much tension ruined Latin's shots. The Purple had shot only 2 fouls in 8 attempts and actually missed 32 floor shots.

After intermission a determined Purple team returned to "do or die." "Fran" Collins gave Latin a "shot-in-the-arm" when he pushed in Corman's rebound for the Purple's first basket to make it 8-4; but Twomey, the Central Colossus, pivoted to sink one. Before the enemy could look around, however, little "Sam" Marinella dribbled across to swish in a basket from the foul-line; and, seconds later, after Corman had batted the ball far down the court in a center-jump, "Sammy" streaked after it and scored again, Latin was back in the ball game! Then the Purple's fortunes suffered a severe jolt as "Franny" Collins, who had been doing an excellent job covering Twomey, left the game with five fouls. The foe promptly stretched their lead to 13-9 before Elliot Corman pivoted neatly to close it to 13-11. In that hectic final quarter it was nip-and-tuck all the way as the "men in Red" kept pulling ahead every time the desperate Purple closed the gap. It looked as if Latin could not overcome that two-point lead. Cool Shumrak made his second foul



shot, but another pivot kept Central in front. Then "Nat" Jones angled in a spectacular one-handed long shot, but the enemy countered with a free throw. After Corman donated another charity toss, Twomey scored again from under the basket and Latin was behind 18-15 with the clock running out. The great Purple team refused to give up, however; and once again they fought back courageously. The dying hopes of the Purple rooters were revived when big Elliot Corman leaped up and batted in Jones' rebound for a score. Then, with a scant two minutes remaining and the pressure squarely on his shoulders, Sophomore "Dick" Walsh swished in a foul shot; and Latin was on even terms for the first time, 18-18, as bedlam broke loose and the game went into overtime. Central had thrown a scare into the hearts of the Latin rooters when they apparently won the game on a long set shot; but the contest had officially ended five seconds before, even though the

buzzer had gone awry and failed to ring.

The climax came midway through the 3-minute overtime period, when dependable "Nat" Jones, always a great clutch performer, leaped high in the midst of a maze of enemy arms and pushed in Walsh's rebound with one hand, to "bring down the house." Central then could make only one out of three foul shots; and "Poker Face" Jones and "Slippery Sam" Marinella proceeded to "freeze" the ball and give Latin a glorious 20-19 victory.

B.L.S. Statistics

	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Jones, rf	2	0	4
Marinella, lf	2	0	4
Shumrak, lf	0	2	2
Walsh, if	0	1	1
Collins, c	1	0	2
McLeod, c	0	0	0
Savage, rg	0	1	1
Corman, rg	2	2	6
	7	6	20

Reading Beaten 28-23

March 15: A spirited Latin quintet, excited by their epic victory of the night before, went on to play inspired ball and overcome a favored Reading outfit, 28-23, in winning the Class B Championship. The Latins completely disregarded the inauspicious omen, "Beware the Ides of March"; and came back to win in a thrilling end-game rally after they saw their early lead slip away in the third quarter.

"Jonesy" scored first for Latin on a push shot from the foul-line. After the enemy had netted the equalizer, Elliot Corman dumped in an overhead pivot and added a charity throw to give B.L.S. a 5-3 lead. After two Reading fouls tied it up, "Sam" Marinella netted a free toss and "Elmore" Corman took a snap pass from Jones to pivot for another score. Then Corman and Collins

converted gift shots to match an enemy "breakaway"; and Latin remained out in front, 10-7, at the half.

In the third frame, however, the Middlesex League Champs came back with a rush and their center, Robertson, soon tied the score at 10-all. After a Collins foul-shot, Reading tallied again; but Carl Shumrak tied the score with a sensational hook-shot from the side. The enemy rushed right back into the fore with five more points before "Fran" Collins potted Jones' rebound to cut their lead to 18-15 at the three-quarter mark. Favored Reading, a notoriously powerful second-half team, added a foul in the fourth quarter, and the way they were playing, that four-point lead looked bigger and bigger. But again, in Latin's moment of greatest need, it was "Old Faithful" "Nat" Jones who rose to the

emergency. In less time than it takes to tell, "Jonesy" broke through to swish in a jump-shot and then streaked down the court to flip in a fancy overhead lay-up and wipe away Reading's lead. Then "Nat" whipped a lighting pass to Corman at the pivot post, and Elliot put Latin in the lead, 21-19. After two enemy fouls tied it up again, Captain "Jim" Savage, unnoticed in the corner, took another pass from the Omnipresent Jones and popped it in to give his underdog Latin team the lead "for keeps." "Fran" Collins dropped a Savage rebound to give the Purple a quick 25-21 lead; and then "Genial Jim" converted a free toss to clinch the contest. After that "Slippery Sam" Marinella took over; he caged a lay-up shot and then proceeded to "freeze the ball" with an amazing exhibition of dribbling which brought down the house. The clock ran out, and the final score read: Latin—28; Reading—23. The Purple's last-period surge had carried them to victory and the Class B Championship.

B.L.S. Statistics

	<i>G</i>	<i>F</i>	<i>P</i>
Jones, rf	3	0	6
Marinella, lf	1	1	3
Shumrak, lf	1	0	2
Collins, c	2	2	6
Savage, rg	1	1	3
Corman, lg	3	2	8
	—	—	—
	11	6	28

—Postscript—

One of the greatest teams in Latin's history covered itself with glory. "Nat" Jones, an all-tournament forward in Class B, gained immortality with his great game-winning performance against Central and was acclaimed by many as the best all-round player in his class. Not only was "Jonesy" Latin's high-scorer, but in addition he set up countless other tallies with his lightning passes and drove opposing guards crazy with his ball-stealing tactics. Captain

"Jim" Savage, also selected to the All-Tournament team, proved himself the best field leader a team could ask for. "Jim," unequalled in his class as a defensive wizard and a great steadying influence, urged the boys on when the going was rough and further demonstrated his worth by tossing in two key baskets in the closing minutes of play in the Reading game. Speedy little "Sam" Marinella will long be remembered for his sensational dribbling in the last two contests as he drove the opposition frantic and "froze the ball," to insure the Latin victory. At a crucial point his two quick baskets against Central pulled the team out of the doldrums. "Fran" Collins was the talk of the Garden for his extraordinary covering of Twomey and Robertson, two of the best pivot men in schoolboy circles. In addition he put in an excellent performance off the backboards. Big Elliot Corman, who suddenly blossomed into a first-class pivot man himself, became the main cog in the offense and was high-scorer in the last two games as well as a bulwark on defense. Without the expert play of the Purple's alternates, however, it would have been impossible for B.L.S. to win. Carl Shumrak, noted for his aggressiveness, played an important role in all three victories and threw in several timely baskets. "Dick" Walsh and "Charlie" McLeod saved the Milton game for Latin, and Walsh scored the tying points against Lawrence Catholic. Above all, to "Steve" Patten, one of the ablest and best-liked of all coaches, we cannot give enough credit and thanks for turning out such an excellent team.

ERRATUM

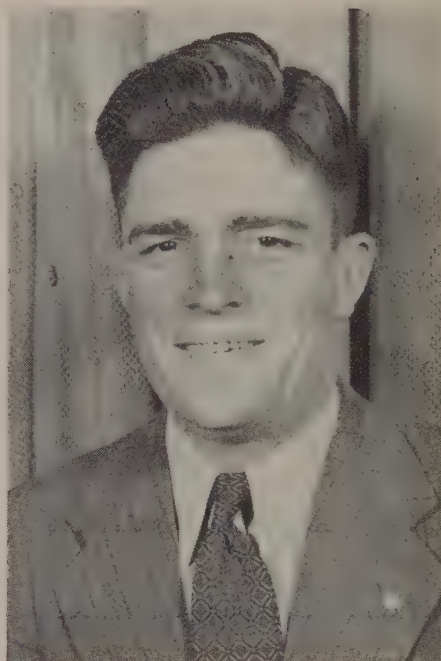
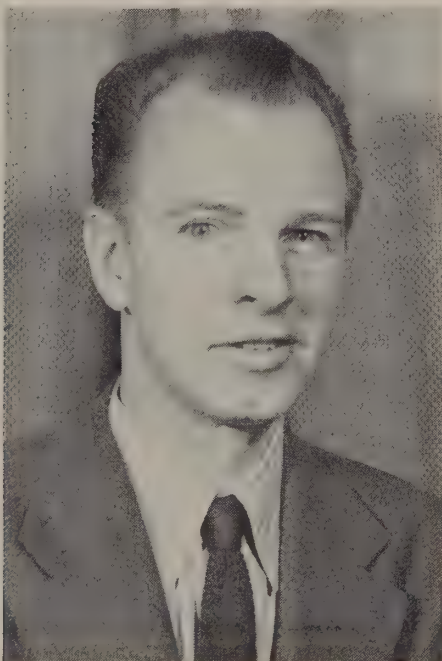
In "Something of Interest," page 33, Winter Issue, sentence should read: "Father Wright emphasized the need for *spirituality*."

Our Lords and Masters



Martin Ruoff Lohrer . . . Teaches English in 204 . . . Born in Boston . . . Resides in Jamaica Plain . . . Graduated Boston Latin School '36 . . . Calvin Coolidge A.B. '40 . . . Ed.M. State Teachers' College, Bridgewater, '46 . . . Faculty adviser Highway Safety Club . . . Hobbies: radio, especially recordings, world citizenship . . . Has taught in Marion and Cohasset . . . Advice to Latin School boys: "Learn to concentrate on worthwhile subject-matter, and you'll succeed at B.L.S."

John Francis Grady . . . Teaches Mathematics in 222 . . . Born Boston . . . Resides in Roxbury . . . Graduated B.L.S., '37 . . . Boston College, '43 . . . In college, a cheer-leader and on the debating team . . . From '43-'46 in the Army Air Force as a first lieutenant . . . Interested in all sports and music . . . Hopes to be tennis coach if he remains at the school . . . Advice to Latin School boys: "Don't let mathematics scare them."



James Henry Pollard . . . Teaches English in 214 . . . Born in Manchester, New Hampshire . . . Resides in Allston . . . Graduated Central High in Manchester, '30 . . . University of New Hampshire, '34 . . . Did graduate work at Boston University in Economics . . . Taught in Weymouth . . . In Army: '43-46 . . . Married . . . Hobbies: Skiing, sailboating.

EDITORIALS

America and the World

In one of his famous speeches, George Washington stated that America should concentrate on domestic affairs and keep out of foreign entanglements. Ever since, proponents of the "keep our noses clean" policy have pointed to the "Father of our Country" as the original champion of isolationism. To them our first president is famous, not for his leadership or statesmanship; but rather, for presenting the opportunity to misconstrue sound advice to a staggering, new-born nation into a policy harmful to an experienced and mighty one. When Washington advised his country to isolate itself from foreign quarrels and diplomacy, his words were sound wisdom. At that time, America could not have survived foreign intervention. Torn by civil strife, the struggle to keep the newly United States together was in itself an almost overwhelming task.

Yet, in modern times, people have adopted this policy for our country in relation to the other governments of the world. When Franco took over Spain; Hitler, Germany; and Mussolini, Italy; these isolationists leaned back and calmly said it was none of our business. When Japan moved into a hopeless China, isolationists didn't even raise an eyebrow. Instead, big business sold iron and oil to Japan. They sent arms to Franco and built factories in Germany. America was living in a shell of its own, most of us ignored world affairs. Though many did not advocate the policy, we were, in fact, isolationists.

In 1938 Britain, France, and Italy betrayed Czechoslovakia to Hitler; and territory was ceded to Germany. We soothed our consciences by asking, "Are we our brother's keepers?" When Cain asked that of God, he had already murdered his brother. We, however, were merely silent spectators to the crimes of Europe and Asia. The defence program begun by President Roosevelt received instant and strong opposition. The cry went up that we might needlessly antagonize the Fascist nations and thus provoke war. We shouldn't care what happened across the ocean. It wasn't disturbing our way of life. Little did we realize the danger that hung over our heads like the "Sword of Damocles".

War came, and it was bitter. The battle-cry "Remember Pearl Harbor" ran through the country like an electric shock. Awakened, the nation armed itself and marched to war. Casualty lists grew longer each day. Gold stars made their appearance in the windows of many a home. The isolationist disappeared. His theory had blown up in his face and in the faces of thousands of his countrymen.

Peace came at last. With a sense of responsibility forced upon them and under the influence of the atom bomb the United Nations organization was formed. The troubles that are besetting this body are innumerable, and progress is slow. But it is evident that the world has something solid upon which to base its hopes for future peace.

No, once again, trouble is flaring up over the face of the earth. The British are adopting an aggressive policy in Palestine. In an attempt to keep the empire intact, they are resorting to armed force. Russia is trying to indoctrinate Communism into the countries of Central Europe. China and India are beset by civil strife.

These problems are important, but so is pre-war socialism. The tendency to let others "shift" for themselves is still strong. The person who wants Europe and Asia to settle their own affairs and to "steer clear" of the United States is wrong. We tried that policy after the World War, when we wanted to have nothing to do with the League of Nations. The costly results are evident. Embroiled in a second world war, our loss in human life is immeasurable. The destruction and horror of modern mechanized warfare will leave its mark for years to come. If *we* want to live in peace, there can be no exception. If we show earnestness in maintaining world security, the wars of the future will be fought at the conference table, not on the battlefield. In order to get along with other nations, we have to learn their likes and dislikes. Their way of life, their beliefs—political, religious, economic must be taken into consideration. A peaceful world is an understanding and friendly world.

In answer to the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" the answer is an emphatic "Yes". We are his keeper as he is ours. Only in that way, by a communion assembly and by the interest of every nation, can we hope to survive. To-day, the world is trying to free itself of war, tyranny, and hate. Let's see to it that it is made free; and then let's keep it that way.

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Alumni Column

[It takes a better man than even a B.L.S. boy to note all the deeds of our illustrious alumnus of this great institution of learning. The attempt to list some of them is made in this column.]

Major E. Burlando, '38, is executive officer of the American Military Commission to Brazil. On a recent trip here with the commanding officer of Brazilian air force, the general awarded the Brazilian Gold Wings to Brig. Gen. Thomas T. Darcy, '28, who during the war commanded the Brazilian Wing in Italy. Darcy is the youngest permanent Brigadier General in the U. S. Army. He will be remembered as an athlete and captain of hockey team.

George Santayana, '82, Ph.D., and A.M., who is now living in Rome, has completed the final section of his autobiography, "Persons and Places," but will not permit its publication until after his death. This world-famous writer and philosopher is also hard at work on a political book, "Domination and Powers."

Sumner M. Redstone, '40, attending law school at Harvard, is engaged to Miss Phyllis G. Raphael of Brookline.

He served in the Intelligence branch of the Army for three and one-half years.

Bernard Rubin, '39, recently released from active Navy duty, is now a research chemist at the U. S. Naval Ordnance Test Station, Inyokern, California. He is also doing graduate work in the University of California.

Charles P. Howard, '05, a colonel in the U. S. Army, is on terminal leave. He served with SHAEF, Allied Force Headquarters (Mediterranean); Headquarters, Fifteenth Army group; and Headquarters, U. S. Force in Austria.

First Lieutenant George I. Connolly, Jr., '38, is one of seventy-five officers appointed to the staff of the Army Ground Force — Universal Military Training Experimental Unit, recently activated at Fort Knox, Ky. Connolly, who is Aide de Camp to Brigadier General John M. Devine, spent three years in the European Theatre. He holds the Silver Star, the Bronze Star with one Oak Leaf Cluster, the Purple Heart, a Belgian Citation, a Presidential Citation, and ETO ribbon with seven battle stars, as well as Victory and Occupation ribbon.

Leonard Bernstein, Latin School

By WILLIAM H. MOGAN, '48

Leonard Bernstein, the young musician who "has gone so far and so fast in so little time," was guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on four occasions during the month of February. He is Dr. Koussevitzky's protégé. At 28, the youngest conductor in

the history of this great orchestra, he leads men most of whom are two and a half times his age.

Bernstein was born in Lawrence and paid no attention to music until by chance a piano of his Aunt Clara's was stored in his home. The boy wanted to

play the instrument, and so a local teacher, at one dollar an hour, was engaged. Immediately, it was clear that the boy had talent. The family moved to Boston, and young Leonard was enrolled at Latin School. Here his record in studies equaled his record in music. At Harvard, he majored in music, especially piano and composition.

Dr. Koussevitzky became interested in Bernstein during a Berkshire Festival, held each year at Tanglewood in Lenox, Massachusetts, for about six weeks during July and August. In 1936, this estate, the scene of Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales*, was presented to Dr. Koussevitzky for his dream school for young musicians, composers, and conductors. During the war, the school was closed; but it reopened in June. No similar school exists anywhere else in the world.

I went to Tanglewood for a week-end last summer for the opening performance of *Peter Grimes*, an opera in English, by the young British composer, Benjamin Britten. This was its American premiere, and all those taking part were students — the soloists, the members of the orchestra, and the chorus. Leonard Bernstein was the conductor of the students who were to play this difficult score.

During the afternoon, I wandered about the 210-acre estate. I heard music, music everywhere. Outdoors and in a dozen or more buildings, young men and women fiddled, blew, sang, and banged. Four hundred handpicked young musicians were studying there, most of them under thirty. Noises came from everywhere in this musical Babel. Behind a clump of bushes, a tenor and a soprano sang a duet, and behind another a group of cellists were rehearsing a difficult passage. In the garage, a

four-part chorus was going over its part in *Peter Grimes*. I could hear a flutist, a harpist, a cellist, and an oboe player from where I stood. Bernstein was there, informally dressed in slacks and a Basque shirt, conducting the students in a final rehearsal.

In the evening, *Peter Grimes* was given in the huge shed. Its composer, Benjamin Britten, had flown from London to be present. Dr. Koussevitzky was there, dressed in a white suit, over which was draped a black cape reaching to the ground. The audience was composed of eminent musicians and hundreds of music-lovers.

Bernstein conducted the orchestra through the very difficult score. The first act ended amid a storm of applause for the singers, for the players, and especially for the conductor. Dr. Koussevitzky, Mr. Britten, and a score of other prominent musicians went back stage to congratulate Bernstein. It was very warm; and "Lennie" was perspiring and his wavy brown hair had fallen over his right eye. Amid the glamor and festivity Bernstein stood, well aware of the approach of celebrities. He perhaps knew what they were about to say. I watched him; he seemed to be looking for some one. He hesitated, then pushed through a group that almost blocked his way. He approached a middle-aged man on the edge of the enthusiastic admirers. He grabbed the man's hands and held them fast as he looked intently into his face.

"Well, Pa, how did it go?" he exclaimed with great seriousness.

"Fine, Son; fine."

After that, Leonard Bernstein went back to his admirers to accept their greetings.



Something of Interest.



C. COLBY.

The Debating Club really went to town during the past month: On Tuesday, February 4, 1947, during the fifth and sixth periods the second of a series of four Town Meetings took place before an assembly of Classes I and II. The question was "Can We Get Along with Russia?" On the affirmative were Robert McCabe (303) and Michael Del Vecchio (303), while the negative was upheld by Robert Lyons (208), and Gerald Foley (304). The questions from the audience were handled by Dr. Collins, and Mr. O'Leary gave the summation of both sides of the question. . . .

. . . On the evening of February 4, 1947, the first team of the B.L.S. Debating Society met the Everett High School Lyceum Debating Society at the Parlin Junior High School at Everett. The question was: "Resolved: That the Legal Voting Age Be Lowered to Eighteen." Everett upheld the affirmative, and Latin the negative. The first speaker for Latin was "Bob" Corcoran (301); the second, John Rexine (303); and the third, George Mulhern (301); with Rexine taking the rebuttal. The whole affair was sponsored by the Parents Progressive Association of *Everett* and broadcast over Radio Station WHDH for a full hour. Though the award went to Everett as the winning team, the best speaker of the evening award went to John Rexine. . . .

. . . At Roberts Auditorium, at 8:00 p.m., on Friday, February 7, 1947, the

Latin team met Brookline High on the question of "Federal Aid to Education." Brookline took the affirmative; Latin, the negative. The speakers for Latin were Robert D. Lyons (208), Cyrus A. Del Vecchio (121), John E. Rexine (301), and George F. Mulhern (301), rebuttallist. The award was given to Brookline by an all-Brookline committee of judges. . . .

. . . At a club debate on Wednesday, February 26, 1947, at 2:15 p.m., B.L.S. played host to the Girls' High Debating team on the question of "Socialized Medicine." "Bob" McCabe and "Jim" Savage, again doing the honors for B.L.S., took the negative; while Girls' High took the affirmative. Room 206 was packed, and a certain teacher was vainly trying to stop the boys from fighting to get in. [Note: The Debating Club has finally found the key to drawing a large audience to debates.] . . .

* * * * *

On Saturday, February 22, 1947, the Latin School Radio Program was broadcast over WHDH. The "Coasting Scene" from the "Tercentenary Pageant of the Latin School," which had been presented at the February exercises, was one of the features. The "silver voice" of Edward Berman was also heard. The Glee Club was present, under the direction of Mr. Burke. Among the speakers were "Jim" Savage of basketball fame and John Rexine. The

entire radio production was under the supervision of Dr. Collins.

* * * * *

The stupendous production of the Dramatics Club this year is Agatha Christie's mystery thriller "Ten Little Indians." The performances are scheduled for the evenings of May 7, 8, 9. The entire production is under the direction of Mr. Russo, assisted by Dr. Callanan, Dr. Marnell, and Mr. Bertino.

* * * * *

The Highway Safety Club, under the able direction and guidance of Mr. Lohrer (204), is trying to educate and interest the boys at B.L.S. in safer and better driving. Films and outside speakers have been provided, supplemented by discussion groups within the club itself. The officers are: Charles A. McElroy (302), President; John E. Gallagher (301), Vice-President; Gerald J. Foley (304), Secretary-Treasurer.

The Stamp Club is planning an exhibition of rare collections. The members enjoy the stimulating meetings and have great success in exchanging stamps. The philatelists have the following officers: Avram J. Goldberg (303), President; Geoffrey R. Paul (208), Vice-President; Robert W. Bacigalupo (207), Secretary-Treasurer.

* * * * *

The French Club, under the very able direction of Mr. Max Levine, has finally

selected its officers: John E. Rexine (301), President; Edwin B. Schlosberg (304), Vice-President; Philip T. Crotty (301), Secretary. The purpose of *Le Cercle* is the appreciation and cultivation of French literature, art, history, and language. Talks are supplemented by Mr. Levine, who draws liberally on his travels in France and his large knowledge of the culture of the country.

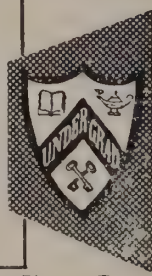
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On Wednesday, March 5, 1947, two separate assemblies witnessed a Red Cross pageant, produced and directed by Mr. McCreech (303). The exercises emphasized what the Red Cross has done for the needs of this country and how we can help. Remember—if you have a heart, give to the Red Cross.

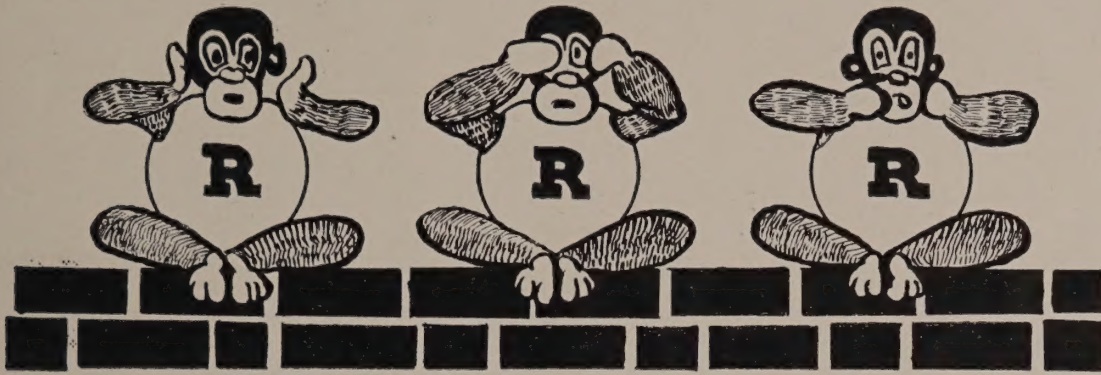
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KENNEDY'S UNDERGRAD SHOP



Jan. 28: The Latin School Whirlwinds rose to heights to set down South Boston 22-21. Now, only five teams are tied for first place. The announcement was made today that boys purchasing milk at Counter M must have the correct change in lunch checks. Over a period of years, the trusts that control the lunchroom, centering their operations from their offices on the third floor, have been gaining a stranglehold on the Latin School economy. Monopoly! Cartel!

Jan. 29: The Modern History Club met today, honored by an envoy extraordinary and envoy plenipotentiary from Chiang KaiShek. . . .

Feb. 3: First place! Spotlight of fame and glory. "Jim" Savage's Ferocious Gentlemen are in it, having mopped the floor with Dorchester. Come to think of it, Coach "Steve" Patten has done amazingly well since the hoop sport was introduced. Viva!

Feb. 4: Latin School truly creates gentlemen. The debating team, after proving their excellence in a rousing Town Meeting in the Hall (featured by a rendition by the whole audience of "Boots! Boots!" led by Belson), politely lost to Everett High in a debate.

Feb. 5: At the French Club meeting today, Mr. Levine, that gay cosmopolite, gave a "first-hand" report of "What to See in Gay Paris." . . . In Room 132 at a meeting of the Music Appreciation Club, several records were

broken over long-hair heads during a riot resulting from the question of which members were to get their pictures in the *Liber Actorum*.

Feb. 6: Shhh! We know what happened this afternoon, but we ain't talking until we see our mouthpiece.

Feb. 7: Movies today in the Hall about the advantages of being a rubberneck; that is, a leatherneck. First, the Coast Guard; then the Marines. Every one wants Latin School boys (except some of the colleges).

Feb. 10: School is slowly dragging on to a close. First thing you know, spring will be here, and the boys on the third floor near 306 will again be looking out the window . . . at the budding trees.

Feb. 11: Heard in an English Class:

Teacher: "Where were you so late?"

P.G.: "Duhh! I wuz in de Gents' Room!"

Feb. 12: Heard coming out of a Math Class:

A—"I like Math problems when they aren't over my head."

B—"That's the way I feel about pigeons."

Feb. 13: Something must have happened; but between studying for College Boards and struggling to pass physics, *Ye R.R.R.* became so preoccupied with the baser things of life that he neglected his true love — reporting all the news that unfit to print.

Feb. 14: A big day, gentlemen; a big

day! I saw the Washington-Lincoln exercises twice. After listening to Mr. O'Leary, we wonder whether there really are some events occurring annually which don't come each year. . . . After school, the need for basketball stands was clearly shown, as a howling mass of Latin School boys, spurred on by a fight talk from Mr. Levine, struggled with the Hyde Park interlopers for seats to watch Latin whip Hyde Park and clinch a tie (at least) for the title.

Feb. 15-23: Gruelling vacation! and if you think I'm going to spend time writing alleged gags for you, *you're nuts!*

Feb. 24: Looking a bit worse for the wear, the boys returned to the grind, preparing to run the fourth lap on the obstacle course called Latin School. To celebrate, the "Tech Tourney-Bound" basketballers clinched the championship by destroying "Eastabost" 36-31.

Feb. 25: Dean Gummere gave the many aspirants to Harvard-on-the-Charles an informal talk during fifth period today. Of course, Harvard doesn't care whether it is the applicant's first choice or not—*But. . . .*

Feb. 26: Club frequenters had to choose between a bevy of beautiful damsels at the debate with Girls' High in Café 206 and a relative of Mr. McCreech

—Mr. N. Kristina Murthy, who spoke at the History Club. It all depends on what kind of extracurricular activity you like.

Feb. 27: The 70 boys on the Mabry-Connors *Jr.-Senior Dance Committee* are trying to sell 5 tickets apiece. Let's see: Carry the decimal point, decipher the cipher, multiply by the log, sine of Angle A. . . . That's 350 tickets, and only 370 possible customers. Ye gods, I'm on the committee!

Feb. 28: Well, they did it! Before a thrilled crowd, Latin squeaked by English at the Arena, 25-23. This, coupled with the upset victory of the hockey team over English, makes us partially forget Thanksgiving.

March 1: It's March already. Boy, how time flies! How many days before we get out?

March 3: Heard in Room 211:

Mr. O'Leary: "Cranberry Sauce canning is a great business. Any one know the name of the man who controls it on the Cape?"

Cameron: "Ocean Spray?"

March 4: Today I was discussing California colleges with my father. After figuring the cost, he took a glass of sparkling ginger-ale, drank a toast, "Here's to you, may God bless you and keep you. I wish I could afford to."

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